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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

(From the Religious Souvenir.)

COUNTRY LIFE.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

The conntry wins we still;
I never framed a wish, nor form'd a plan
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. COWPER.

'God made the country, and man made the town,' was said long ago by the most religious of our poets. The line expressed so pithily, what all the observers and lovers of nature have felt, that it has been quoted and repeated, till it has become familiar as household words. Still the volume, to which this is but a text, is understood by few. An intimate acquaintance, even, with nature is rare, and a love of it, except in poetic minds, the result of cultivation. The mass of those who live amid the walls that God has reared, and tread the carpets he has spread, must be *taught*,

——'with delighted eye
To gaze upon the mountains, to behold,
With deep affection, the pure ample sky,
And clouds along its blue abysses roll'd;
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.'

For those not gifted by nature, and in whom the spirit of observation has not been awakened, are as unobservant of the glorious aspects of nature, as the child in its nurse's arms. The spring is to them, but the season of planting, the fall of in-gathering, the summer of heat, and the winter of cold. They do not see the handwriting of God in the opening leaves and gushing waters of spring, in the gorgeous beauty of summer, in the regal robes of autumn, nor in the sublime desolation of winter, when the country seems left alone with its Maker. It is pity that there is so much loss, such a positive waste of the means of a happiness that is not, like the coarser pleasures, liable to abuse from the disordered passions or depraved appetites of man; that is not like the mere 'creature comforts,' subject to diminution or addition by neglect or skill, but will last as long as the sun rises and sets, and the seasons change.

Those who love and understand this word, written in trees and running brooks, should condescend to be its teachers to the young and unobservant. Curiosity is always alive, it only wants direction; and if those who, like good Mr Burchel, from an instinct of kindness, feed children with sugar-plums, would, instead, take them a stroll on to some of our mountain-summits, or to listen to the wild songs of our mad streams, or even sitting at home on the doorstep, would point out to them a beautiful sunset, they would administer to their immortal natures, and would have the reward of seeing how the appetite 'grows by what it feeds on.'

But there is something more and higher in the economy of country life, than the superior beauty of the outward world, to sustain Cowper's antithesis.

The divine origin, and benevolent design of our social relations, is felt in country life. The seal of our lawgiver is still manifest upon them. The tie of brotherhood is not only acknowledged as an abstract truth, but is apparent in our daily intercourse, our joys, and our sorrows, our home charities, and greetings by the wayside. But examples, and they are on every side, will better illustrate my idea, than a volume of general assertions. Weddings and funerals, are common to all civilized men. Have they not a distinctive character, a moral influence, in the country?

Our neighbor, Mr Ellison, is one of the wealthiest men of the country, but as he has the patriarchal blessing of twelve children, the sons of his numerous family are not beyond the motives to our indigenous virtues, enterprise and industry; nor his daughters elevated above (or sunk below) the virtues of domestic thrift, diligence, and frugality. Mary Ellison, the eldest girl, if an ordinary character, would have been a belle, for she has beauty enough to shine as the star of a city drawing-room; but *her light* is the light of a spirit that already has its path marked in the celestial hemisphere. At two-and-twenty, she has attained an elevation that few reach but through a variety of experience, a succession of failures and disappointments, a long process of that stern schooling which teaches some well, but almost too late. She *began* right, with the simple, sure principle of duty for her guide, and the will of her heavenly Father for her rule. Her objects in life were marked, and her course mapped out, so that she was in no danger of wasting time in the vain pursuits, and uncertain and purposeless wanderings in which so many are lost. Gentle and attractive in her manners, she has (in spite of the alarming scarcity of the commodity in New England) had many admirers whom, not accepting as lovers, she has converted into friends. Hayward Delano, was the classmate and intimate of one of her brothers. He is a young man whose genius has mastered the most adverse circumstances. He was early left an orphan and destitute, and indented to a farmer, but having a passion for study that kept him at his books half the night, after working hard in the field all day, his employer voluntarily relinquished his indentures, and he, refusing pecuniary aid, offered by societies and individuals, contrived, in the intervals of study, to earn a support and a liberal educatinn.

Mary Ellison watched his progress from the beginning. His vacations were sometimes passed at her father's. She had an earnest sympathy in his independent and energetic prosecution of his purpose; and, from the impulse of a noble nature, was far more cordial, and what we may call *leading*, in her intercourse with him than if their fortunes had been equal. As was natural, and might have been foreseen by an unconcerned spectator, a tender sentiment grew out of this intercourse. Delano indulged in dreams of a possible future, and Mary dreamed too. Years passed on. Delano was just about to receive his license as a preacher, when he became alarmed by a disease in his eyes, contracted long ago from reading late at night by the farmer's fire, or the more stinted light of the tow-wicked candle, furnished by the sad economy of the farmer's wife.

He was on a visit at Mr Ellison's, when the arrival in the village of a celebrated oculist was annouced; and Mr Ellison, without warning, brought him home to examine Delano's eyes.

Mary Ellison was reading aloud, when her father entered and introduced the surgeon. She did not leave the room, nor move from her seat, but took up her stitching from the little work box that stood on the sofa beside her, and riveted her eyes upon it. This action woulfl not have betrayed her feelings to a careless observer, but Delano knowing how instinctive her kind sympathies were, and how ready she was to manifest them if one of the children but got a sliver in his finger, made his own secret inferences, and while his eye hastily glanced ever her pale face, his color changed. Mr Ellison marked this, and said, 'You would like to have Dr ——— examine your eyes?—would you not, Hayward?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'I thought so. And you wish him to give his opinion frankly, and without any reservation—do you not?'

'Yes sir. There is no use in shrinking from an evil, however terrible, that our cowardice will not lessen, and only unfits us to bear.'

'You are right, my son, very right,' said Mr Ellison. The 'my son' was accidental, but there are moments when a word, lightly uttered, falls upon the ear with a mighty force, and as Hayward turned to expose his eye to the full light, his agitation was manifest. The doctor asked many questions, and examined long and accurately. He then walked up and down the room, *whistling*. Those who knew him would have boded no good from this, for it was his habit when he found a disease beyond the reach of his art. It seemed an involuntary effort to hide his benevolent compassion. He stopped for an instant before Mary, and her face arresting his thoughts, 'You are pale, young lady,' he said, 'you do no credit to your mountain air;' and then, as if he had uttered the words unconsciously, he turned upon his heel and said, in a low voice, to Mr Ellison, 'You are sure I should be perfectly frank with your young friend?'

'Yes, I will answer for his fortitude.'

Hayward began now to bode the worst, and when the doctor said, 'You wish for the truth,' he replied in a tremulous voice, 'Yes, sir, without further suspense.'

'You have no near friend present to be shocked?' the doctor glanced his eye at Mary. 'I *have* no near friend, sir, in the common acceptation of the term.' Hayward, as he spoke, involuntarily turned his eye to Mary; she raised hers, and a glance flashed from them that spoke volumes. He would now have asked the doctor to defer the opinion, but it was too late. He was proceeding with professional coolness to state, that the nature of the disease precluded hope—that there would be a decay of the sight, it might be slow, but must inevitably end in blindness. Hayward heard without one word of reply, and the doctor, shrinking from witnessing the pain he was compelled to inflict, and could not alleviate, hastily left the house, followed by Mr Ellison.

Delano covered his face with his hands. Not a breath was heard in the apartment, till a low but emphatic murmur rose from his heart, and that thrice blessed sentence that has so often expressed the obedience of the Christian spirit, fell from his lips, 'God's will be done!'

Courage and strength, as it always does, followed this religious acquiescence. He looked up, his eyes turned to Mary. She sat perfectly still. He pronounced her name. She did not answer. He approached her, at first irresolutely, and then with a spring, was at her side. She had fainted. He called no assistance—he made no effort to recover her, but rested her head upon his bosom and lost every other feeling in one blissful certainty. The lover, at the moment of recovering his beloved from the tomb, forgot the poison he had himself swallowed. Hayward forgot the blindness that awaited him; he lost all sense of past and future, and felt his whole being dilated and exalted with the present. When Mary recovered her consciousness, there was no possibility, if either had wished it, of concealing the state of their affections. Hayward told her how long and how ardently he had loved her; how he had at first looked upon her as unattainable; how, when the hope that he was beloved, had flashed upon him, he had repelled it—now as a presumptuous illusion, and now as an unavailable truth.

The first moments of a confessed mutual love, have a blissful independence of all extraneous circumstances. Nothing is asked that the world can give, nothing dreaded of its power to take away. But this is a trance that cannot last: and when our lovers awakened to realities, Hayward saw the abyss that must separate him from Mary, and felt the isolation to which his calamity must condemn him, aggravated a thousand fold by his glimpse of possible happiness. He said nothing; but his countenance as suddenly changed as the face of nature, when a flood of sunbeams are intercepted by the stormy cloud; his whole figure seemed to stiffen with the mortal coldness that struck upon his heart. It was long, or rather it seemed to poor Mary very long, before he replied to her tremulous importunity. 'I must live and die in darknoss, and——alone!'

'Alone!' echoed Mary, smiling through her tears, relieved from the dread of an unknown evil,—'Your distrust would almost make me fear you do not love me, Hayward. Did ever calamity divorce hearts that truly loved? Oh! no—no—it is the fire from heaven that consumes all the littleness of earth, the petty vanities and ambition that debase imperfect love. Hayward, you may think the confession a strange one, and I know not whether the feeling was right or not—it was instinctive. When the doctor said you must be blind, the blow was terrible, but with it came a strange sense of pleasure. I hardly dare attempt to explain it, for, as I analyze the feeling, I fear the elements of pride and selfishness were in it. I felt as if this circumstance would lessen the oppressive disparity between us—yes, there was selfishness and pride in that; but I felt, too, as if there would be such happiness in ministering to you, in divesting your condition of its common miseries, in being the medium to the mind and heart, dear Hayward, of the light lost to the eye—do you understand me?'

Hayward did, for the first time, understand the power of a woman's affection; that power that, like the most perfect works of nature and art, is never fully manifest till tried by pressure; and he perceived, too, in Mary's humble self-estimation, the modesty that marks true love. Still he dared not indulge the hope her generosity authorized; he told her he never could ask her parents to consign her to poverty and misfortune. '*You* shall not ask them,' she said, 'my parents have taught me that we were not sent here to be idle receivers of Heaven's bounty, but to sow and till the field, even though it be with tears, so that we may bear our sheaves rejoicing—and they will be true to their own faith?'

And they were. The objection that would have controlled sordid minds, did not affect theirs. They had the means of securing their daughter, in any event, from absolute want, and they knew that her substantial education would qualify her (as she proposed) to aid Hayward in a school, or, if that were not necessary, that her knowledge of the arts of domestic life, and habits of frugality would enable her to double the value of her husband's earnings. Happy must those parents be, who, by a practically religious education—that is, by faithfully cultivating the faculties Providence has bestowed, make their children as independent of circumstances, as humanity can be.

The engagement was made, and in due time came the wedding; to which, in the true spirit of country brotherhood, relations, friends, and neighbors were bidden. Not, as in town, those only of a certain set—those to whom there was a debt of civility, or from whom a hope of favor; but there were the aged people of the village, the little remnant that was left of a departed generation, who hailed in Mary Ellison the virtues and graces of her grandmother, and told over the merry feats of her wedding-day. There were the farmers that 'jocund drove the team-a-field,' the mechanics and honest laborers, with lawyers, doctors, and merchants—the modest gentry of the village who claimed, and, in truth, enjoyed no distinction. There were all the girls who had been Mary's playfellows in her childhood, who had grown up in gentle companionship beside her, and who now, while their bright eyes were suffused with tears, breathed from the altar of their hearts, sisters' prayers for her. There were the young men; among them one was known and pitied as a faithful lover of Mary; but he needed not pity, for in generous admiration of her virtue and interest in her fate, he forgot himself. The only individual who did not partake the general joy, was a poor young widow who came because, she said, Mary had visited her in her affliction, and sat with her through many a desolate hour, and now it would seem selfish not to forget herself long enough to witness Mary's bridal. But alas! who can control memory's awful power? its images were too vivid for the bereft young creature, and in the midst of the ceremony she fainted, and was carried out.

The two groups that most struck my fancy were, first, Mary's humble friends, the domestics of the family, and the respectable poor of the village, some colored, some white, standing around the door, one head peering above another, and the knot of children that filled one corner of the room, Mary's young sisters and brothers, and their little friends; their hands locked together, or the arm of one thrown over the shoulder of another, and all diposed in those graceful attitudes that have furnished models for the arts. One little girl, Mary's particular charge and bed-fellow, had stolen away from the rest, and inserting herself between the bride and her bridesmaid, buried her pretty, tearful face in the folds of her sister's muslin gown. Mary herself was the focus of all eyes, and I thought I could see in her face something more than the common emotions of the bride—the consciousness of self-devotion to a high and generous mission. As to Hayward Delano, his face was kindled by his soul; he seemed unconscious of the throng around him, and looked as he might if he had stood alone at an altar, receiving a gift from heaven.

The ceremony over, there was the customary kissing, and wishing of joy, and bountiful dispensing of cake; Mary herself enriching the portion of the bridal-loaf that fell to the share of the domestics and children, by bestowing it with her own hand. How pretty that bridal-loaf was, wreathed with evergreens from the neighboring woods, and surmounted by a pair of emblematic sugar doves—the gift of some city friend!

Such a festival is ruled by the law of love, the social law which God has given to his creatures. Its spirit is common to country weddings, but can scarcely exist in cities where society is divided into castes, governed by conventional laws, and marred by petty passions essentially *dis*social. Can there be a more painful contract to the simple rural scene we have described than a heartless city wedding; we mean one which is characterized by the spirit of artificial life, for our country bigotry does not exclude the belief that there are many matches made in heaven, ratified at city altars. But we take for our example, a wedding where fortune weds fortune, or money contracts for youth and beauty. Witness the eager examination of the *corbeille*,* the sordid calculation of the worth of those brides, which the wealth of one party offers to the vanity of the other. Go with the fashionable crowd to the 'at home;' see them count the bridesmaids, take an inventory of their dresses, whisper a witty sarcasm upon the ill-assorted pair, turn away and—forforget them. Is not all this a profanation of God's *most* blessed institution?

The bond of brotherhood should be strengthened by all our intercourse; the links of that chain by which providence has bound us together, kept bright by the activity of our social sympathies. And is not this the tendency of country gatherings, exempt, as they are, from the cruel cost of time, and expense of labor and money that society in town, on its present basis, involves? And exempted from what is far worse, for they have little temptation to sarcasm, ostentation, vanity, and excess. Country neighbors come together from their isolated homes, with similar wants and similar experience. They talk over their rural concerns, sure of sympathy, because their concerns are the actual business of life, and not artificial contrivances to kill time and escape ennui, ennui which is as effectually killed by country life, as dust is laid by a shower.

We meant to have given other illustrations of the moral effect of the untrammelled life of the country, but we fear to exceed the limits prescribed to us. We meant to have told the story of a poor youth who was betrayed by the force of circumstances, to the commission of a single offence, for which he was liable to be sent to the state prison, and probably would have been, by the hasty judgment of a police court. While he awaited his trial in the county jail, he was repeatedly visited by a friend of mine who never neglects the prisoners that languish within walls, in sight of his happy home. He made himself acquainted with the character of the youth who had no natural friends to interpose for him, for his family were in a distant part of the country, and he declared he had rather die in the state prison than that they should be made acquainted with his transgression. My friend ascertained, as far as he could, the circumstances of the offender's previous life, and when the trial came on, he volunteered his testimony in his behalf, and so eloquently expressed his convictions that the poor fellow did not deserve the state prison, and would be ruined by it, that the judge, relying on my friend's statement and jugdment, sentenced the prisoner merely to a few months confinement in the county jail. Pains were taken to supply him with work, by which he made some forty or fifty dollars, over and above his prison fees. During his confinement he was often visited by my friend's children, who, imbibing from the atmosphere that surrounded them, the sprit of kindness, delighted to carry 'George' the newspapers, books, and a portion of their own little property, in fruits and cakes. I chanced to be present on the evening when, the term of his imprisonment having expired, dressed in a neat new suit, he came to my friend's house. I had never seen him, and I inferred from the cordial reception given him by the master and mistress of the house, and the noisy welcomes of the young people, that he was some favorite townsman, returned after a long absence. Nor was I undeceived till Willie, a little fellow whose heart is brimful and running over with love, came into the parlor. On seeing the stranger 'his honest sonsie face' kindled, and eyes sparkling, and cheeks glowing, he threw himself into our visiter's arms, exclaiming, 'O, *George*, how glad I am you are out of jail—is not it pleasant to be out of jail?' and in a lower tone, 'Father says he *guesses* you'll never get there again, and I *know* you won't, George.'

Was not all this in the same spirit in which the father went out to meet his repentant son, saying, 'For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' If this spirit were more felt, we should not fear to hear that dreadful question, 'Where is thy brother?' if it were more exercised, how many sick would be healed! how many wanderers gathered into the fold!

There was an old woman in our village so marked with the strong qualities of her better years, and so stricken by age, that in one period of the world she might have been honored as a prophetess, or in another burned as a witch. But living in our unimaginative, but happier days, she was cherished for her long life of honest toil long after she had become impotent from age. Our kind overseers of the poor, respecting the pride of independence which made her shrink from the legal provision of the town, connived at her receiving her annual supply of wood and breadstuff, in such a mode that, to the day of her death, she believed it came from the voluntary charity of her friends. She died during one of the coldest periods of the present winter, and as a faithful old friend, a colored woman who watched beside her, said, 'She died handsome!' The homely expression was well applied, for she finished her long and temperate life without the penalty of sickness; and after a slight oppression, and sitting in her chair, her life passed while an expression of thankfulness to her Maker for all his mercies, trembled on her lips.

She had exacted a promise from Mrs ——, the richest lady in the village, (but whose consciousness of wealth is only betrayed by her bounty in giving,) that she would see her fitly '*laid out*.' This desire, not to appear in the livery of the town's almoners, is characteristic of our New England poor, as if, like a state prison suit, it were a testimony against them. Her benefactress, while living, did not forget her when dead; and the poor old crone was arrayed in a shroud and cap made by Mrs ——'s 'neat handed' daughters. The day of the funeral was one of the wildest of our winter days. Snow and sleet were falling, and the wind blew a tempest. The clouds seemed to sweep the hills as they careered over them, casting over the valleys, the lakes, and the endless woods, one desolate hue; and here and there, dropping their leaden masses to the very base of the mountains. It was a day when all but the hardiest youth, and most rugged laborers, cower over their home-fires. The corpse was to be brought from a mile beyond the village, to the burying ground adjoining the 'meeting-house,' on the very summit of the bleakest hill. One would have thought there was none so poor as to do her this service. But when the bell tolled, a procession of carriages and wagons were seen following the old pauper; and first came Mrs —— and her daughters in her handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of noble grays, that, excited by the storm, pranced and curvetted as they turned up to the churchyard.

Was not this a contrast to the hollow pomp of the city tribute to their great dead, or the careless apathy with which they shovel their poor brothers into their last homes? Ah, the country is the Temple of God, and the fire is here kept alive on his altars!

——'Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And, to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.'

*The pretty French basket in which it is the fashion to deposit and *exhibit* the presents to the bride.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

'There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. A soldier's is more so, for she follows him to danger and perhaps to death, but glory waits him if he falls, and while she weeps she is proud. I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant that the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from the shock of a separation from her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency she raises his drooping spirit, she bathes his aching head, she smoothes his pillow of sickness.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE.

In past times many men withdrew entirely from the cares and occupations of life, and buried themselves in entire seclusion to hold communion with the Infinite One. We of the present age think that they were mistaken, and wonder at their mistake, for the idea of rushing away from the responsibilities and duties which the Ordainer of all things has appointed to men, seems strange and unaccountable. To think of serving Him by avoiding his service! We cannot understand it, and in accordance with our own views of the purpose of life, instead of retiring from its bustle, we rush into it, and seek to serve our Maker not by solitary penance and devotion, but by doing good to our fellow men.

It is one of the beneficent arrangements of our wise and good Father that in serving others, we serve him; as was said long ago by a holy Catholic, 'let us thank God that in permitting us to serve our poor brethren, he permits us the honor of serving him.' Our Savior gave us the direction for life in the two commandments, to love God and to love man, and he illustrated his teaching by his example. Men formerly followed one part of the command, they sought only to love God and hence plunged into monasteries to live and die, praying to and praising Him. They erred greatly in obeying only a part of their Master's command. We take the other part of the direction, we seek to love and serve man, but are we not as far from perfect obedience as were they? We are apt to think too slightingly of solitary meditation and prayer. The Christian character can no more be fully formed in active benevolence alone, than by solitary meditation. The error of recluses has arisen from a grand truth; they have felt that life is all too short for imperfect men to make any preparation for eternity, they have realized how far their sins have separated them from God, and therefore they have wished to approach as near to Him and as soon, as possible. They have feared the temptations of the world, and therefore have rushed hastily from them. And by thus doing they have drawn very near to Heaven. Who can read without emotion the accounts of the monks, who have devoted themselves to a life of penance and prayer? There is something sublime in their voluntary withdrawing from friends and property and all the charms of refined society, and submitting to toil and hardship, spending their days in the most laborious work, ceasing from it only to pray, and passing their nights on the hard board or the scanty straw. Nor would they suffer the night to glide away unmarked by prayer. At midnight they would arise and meet in their chapels, and make the darkness echo with songs and hymns. Time would hasten but it would bring no relief to them, day after day the toil was to be endured, and death only could release them from their noble struggles. While living they felt that they must shrink from no sorrow or pain however great. Their countenances were wrinkled prematurely, but they also bore the marks of patient endurance, strong hope and devout and holy joy. Occasionally one of the world-forgetting band would appear in the world on some mission of mercy, and the worldling would shrink away from his presence. The lover of money would bow in involuntary reverence before the lover of God. The deed of charity done, the holy man again buried himself in his retreat with God, and thanked Him for preservation from the thousand trials of busy life. And at last the joyful day of release would come, and the monks would collect around their dying brother, and having received his parting blessing, would place in his hands the crucifix, which he would clasp to his breast, and die. We know that such has been the history of many monks and devotees. True, many a convent has been the scene of corruption and vice, but let us not forget that some of God's worthiest sons have lived and died in monastic seclusion. We think they erred in leaving the world, but are we therefore always to live in the bustle and amid the temptations of society, without ever retiring to deep solitude for praise and prayer? Those monks may have had too great a fear of the trials of life, but are we then to expect to live in those trials, and to pass through them unharmed, alone and unaided by solitary meditation and prayer? If they in their extreme self-distrust seemed to distrust the power of their Father to aid them, shall we in vain self-confidence neglect to ask His assistance?

Holy men have found their holiest joy in solitary communion with the Infinite One. Elijah went to the mount of God, to the silence of Horeb, to hear the voice of God. And how came the voice to him? Not in the bustle and tumult of men, nor even in the tumult of nature. The wind was hushed, the earthquake ceased its rending, the fire was put out, and all was awfully still, before the small voice was heard. Then Elijah was prepared to return among men and do his duty in safety, for he had heard the voice of the Lord. And our Savior has left us his perfect example for our guidance. He went from city to city on his merciful mission, but

'Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer.'

What then shall we do? Shall we engage in our duties, shall we mingle in the cares of business and the temptations of life without retiring to ask for aid? Shall we seek to do good to our fellow-men, and not ask, in solitary communion with our Father, for his blessing?

H. H. J.

For the Register and Observer.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS TO A BETTER COUNTRY.

(*Continued.*)

Holdfast. I hope, Sir, that you are as good a pilgrim, and in as safe a condition, as you think yourself to be; but my hope, however, has but little connection with your religious experience; so far as you have made me acquainted with it. I wish you, therefore, to give me a more lucid and satisfactory account of it; and especially as respects the imputation of Christ's righteousness to your soul. Your favorite author, who, it seems, expresses your views, speaks of a fourfold righteousness of Christ, and *very intelligibly*, to his discerning annotators, and, as you suppose, to yourself. But as the subject, in my view, is very dark and perplexed, I wish you would throw light upon, and free it from its perplexities. Your author speaks of Christ as possessing 'two natures in one person, plain to be distinguished, impossible to be divided. Unto each of these natures a righteousness belongeth, and each righteousness is essential to that nature.' One of these natures he calls Godhead, the other manhood; which he says cannot be divided, and constitute one person. Here, then, let me ask—do these two righteousnesses belong to that individual person?

Excitable. I presume so. It is a subject, however, to which I have never given a very particular attention.

H. If each righteousness belongs to the person of Christ, must not both belong to each of his natures?

E. Certainly not. One must belong to his Godhead—the other to his manhood.

H. But if these two natures are indivisibly united, and so as to constitute but one person, I see not but each righteousness must belong to each nature. Is it possible that a righteousness, belonging to a particular nature, so amalgamated and commingled with another nature, as not to be separable from it, can be the exclusive property of that particular nature? I see not but it must be the common property of both natures. When the person of Jesus Christ performs an act of righteousness, must not his whole person be concerned in the performance?

E. Perhaps it is. And should I make the concession, what would you infer from it?

H. My inference would be, that whatever righteousness belongs to that person belongs to his whole person; or is common to both his natures. Can it then be said, consistently with truth, that one and the same person possesses two distinct kinds of righteousness, one of which is the righteousness of God, and the other of man! This hypothesis, Sir, if it be true, is to my mind a strange and unintelligible truth. Besides, if the two natures of which you speak are so blended together as to form an inseparable union, and constitute one person, then, if the supposed Godhead of that person be omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent, so must not his manhood, also, be omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, &c? I see not but this must necessarily be the case. But can such a person be possessed of the two distinct kinds of righteousness in question?

E. You employ, Sir, such reasoning with me in vain. It is as fallacious, as it is subtle and perplexing. Nor can it affect the truth of the heaven-suggested statements of John Bunyan and his annotators.

H. Be it so then; and let their statements be considered as correct. The righteousnesses, however, in question, do not seem to possess much, if any value, with respect to sinners; for they are not partakers of either of them; nor is either of them put upon sinners, that they might be made just and live thereby. This, I presume you are prepared to admit.

E. Certainly. Neither of the righteousnesses now under consideration, is imputed to sinners for their justification; but a righteousness of a different description.

H. Will you describe it, and in such a manner, that I shall be able to understand you?

E. This, I will endeavor to do in its proper place. But I must here briefly notice another righteousness of Christ, which standeth in the union of both his natures, and which is essential to the capacity of the mediatory office, which he was intrusted with.

H. A righteousness which standeth in the union of both his natures? By this do you mean a righteousness common to his Godhead and manhood? or which is wrought conjointly by both natures in a state of union?

E. Yes: that is my meaning. It is a mediatory righteousness, performed by Christ as mediator, who, in that character, was God-man.

H. I do not see then, but my reasoning, as above, is according to your own concession, perfectly correct and conclusive, its fallacy, subtility, and perplexity, notwithstanding. You in-

deed have desired that the personal righteousness of Christ is common to both his natures; but now you say that his righteousness as mediator is common to both. But is not Christ as mediator, a person!—Which, Sir, am I to believe; your assertion or implied denial?

E. May not Christ have a righteousness peculiar to his Godhead, and a righteousness also peculiar to his manhood?

H. I cannot say, Sir, what may be, but I do not hesitate to say that it appears to me incredible that an individual person should possess two distinct kinds of righteousness, one, divine, the other human—one infinite, and the other finite. Is not such a doctrine, contradictory both to reason and revelation? But if this unaccountably strange doctrine be true, must not the righteousness of Christ have been uniformly of a two-fold character?

E. You are I perceive on the catch. You must not expect an answer to your insidious questions.

H. If you think my question insidious or unappropriate I regret it. But let me assure you that it was proposed in the integrity of my heart, and with the hope to elicit the light of truth, for our mutual advantage. As, however, you do not see fit to answer the question, let us attend to the mediatory righteousness, of which you speak. Will you favor me, Sir, with an intelligible explanation of it?

E The righteousness of which you ask an explanation, is of a mysterious character, and does not admit, of a very clear and distinct elucidation. I can only say that it is effected by the joint, or united operation of the two natures of Christ, so as to become the common property of both. This, therefore, cannot be the righteousness of the Godhead, as distinguished from the manhood, nor the righteousness of the manhood, as distinguished from the Godhead, but which, as before observed, standeth in the union of both natures, and may with propriety be called a mediatory righteousness?

H But this righteousness, if I understand you, is not, according to your theory, given, or imputed to sinners for their justification.

E. It is not; nor is either of the other righteousnesses, before mentioned. If Christ parts with his first righteousness, he parts with his Godhead; if he parts with his second righteousness, he parts with the purity of his manhood; if he parts with his third, he parts with that perfection, which capacitates him to the office of mediation.

H. Your distinctions, Sir, however clear and intelligible to yourself, appear to me very obscure and hard to be understood. Had you simply said that, were Christ to part with his righteousness, by whatever name it may be called, he would be destitute of it, no longer be the righteous person he was before, I should clearly have understood your meaning.

E I cannot make the subject plainer, Sir. If, then, you do not understand it, the fault must be at your own door.

H. It may be so. But if incapable of understanding the explanation, which you have given of the subject, so well as I could wish, you can better satisfy my mind, I hope, in relation to another difficulty, which has been presented to my view. You have observed, Sir, that the last mentioned righteousness of Christ is essential to his being prepared of God to the capacity of the mediatory office, which he was intrusted with. As this statement seems to me somewhat obscure, you will oblige me by giving a lucid explanation of it. Does it mean, let me ask, that God prepared him for the work of mediator by intrusting him with the righteousness in question?

E. What other meaning can it convey?

H. Did God prepare Christ for the work of mediation by imputing to him a righteousness, or was he prepared for that work by his own personal righteousness?

E. By his own personal righteousness, which was effected by both his natures.

H. Who intrusted him with his own righteousness?

E. That God, of whom, and to whom, and through whom are all things.

H. But have you not said that the righteousness in question is partly the righteousness of God, or Godhead?

E. It was wrought by both natures of Christ; as well by his manhood as his Godhead.

H. By the term Godhead do you mean to convey a different idea from that which is conveyed by the term God?

E. They are, I conceive, synonymous in meaning. I know not that there is any essential difference between them.

H. Let me ask, then, are there more Gods than one?

E. Certainly not. The Lord our God is one Lord There is none other God but he.

H. Is Christ that one and only God?

E. As to his highest, or divine nature he is.

H. It seems then, that Christ, as God, wrought by his operation, in conjunction with the operation of his manhood, a righteousness with which he intrusted himself, instead of having been intrusted with it by another?

E I ought to have said that Christ, as united with the Father, and the Holy Spirit is the one God.

H. But how does this agree with Bible declaration in reference to God; which says that there is none other God than he, whereas your hypothesis says that there is none other God than *they?*

E. You are on the catch again. You must not therefore expect an answer to your quibble.

H. The quibble, Sir, of which you complain, is of too serious and forcible character, perhaps, to admit of a very satisfactory answer. Be this, however, as it may. But you will not consider me, I hope, as quibbling, if I ask, what is the character of this same righteousness of Christ, that standeth in the union of both natures, which you ascribe to him? Is it divine, or human? Or is it both; but so modified as to possess but one pure and unadultered character or property?

E. Do you mean, Sir, to treat with unhallowed levity an infinitely important and solemn subject, and turn it into ridicule?

H. God forbid! that I should treat any serious subject with levity or ridicule. I have made no query, Sir, but such as I believed to be strictly pertinent, and with a view to obtain information. If my questions have, as I believe, been appropriate, and yet have occasioned you unpleasant feelings, you must attribute them to your strange theory, as the legitimate cause; but to no design on my part. Yet, whatever may be the source of your disturbance, let it pass without further notice. But as I wish to obtain all the information I can, permit me to ask, whether either of the righteousnesses we have been considering is so important to sinners as to become available to their justification?

E. Neither, nor all of them united are available to that purpose.

H. But if neither the righteousness of Christ considered as God, as man, nor God-man is available to the sinner's justification, is it not difficult to find any righteousness belonging to him, that can be available to that purpose?

E. He has another righteousness, which standeth in performance, or obedience to a revealed will; and that is what he puts upon sinners, and that by which their sins are covered. His other righteousnesses cannot be communicated unto another; yet it is by virtue of them, that the righteousness that justifies, is for that purpose efficacious.

H. It seems, then, that Christ has three sorts of righteousness, which do not stand in performance, or obedience to a revealed will; and yet that they give efficacy, and the only efficacy to that righteousness does stand in obedience to a revealed will—the will of God; and, which is so put upon sinners, as to cover their sins. But is all this to be admitted as truth—fundamental truth? Can you conceive of any moral righteousness that does not consist in obedience or accordance to the Divine will? But if such a righteousness really does exist, must it not be merely negative in its character, unacceptable to God and utterly unprofitable to man? Will you then ascribe such worthless trash to the Righteous Servant of God? a righteousness no better than filthy rags! It is an outrage (pardon my freedom) both upon reason and revelation to talk about righteousness of such a character, as giving efficacy to that real righteousness, which is agreeable to the revealed will of God.

E. Your bold, and I fear blasphemous words, fill me with horror. I dare not reply to them, lest I should become a partaker in your sin.

H. Shall I reply to your railing accusation?

P My dear brother and companion in travel, answer him not a word. Proof against conviction, he can neither teach, nor learn. I have silently listened to the protracted conversation that has passed between you and him with the mingled emotions of joy and sorrow;—of joy because your instructive words of truth and soberness have been to my thirsty soul like refreshing water; of sorrow, because from the lips of Excitable I have heard, as I believe, little, or no instruction, aside from that which either causeth to err or to perplex the mind by words without knowledge. Why should we spend our time and exhaust our patience for that which profiteth not. Let us hasten forward; else we shall hardly arrive at the beautiful edifice! to which we were directed by the Interpreter, before the going down of the sun, where, he assured us we may expect to find the most courteous reception and hospitable entertainment.

H. My good brother, be not hasty in spirit, nor speak unadvisedly with your lips. Excitable, who, till now, was an entire stranger to us, professed to be a devoted pilgrim. And God forbid, that we should say that he is not so, in deed, and in truth. If his zeal is not accompanied with competent knowledge; if much of his confidence rests on a treacherous foundation, and if many of his affections are but sparks of his own kindling, or struck out by the collision of human machinery; yet let us not reject him, as an enemy to the cross of Christ; for which he seems to have a strong, although not a very enlightened attachment. Let us then tarry a little longer. Some further discourse, will, peradventure minister to our mutual improvement.

FEMALE COLLEGE.

An institution bearing this name is to be opened in Georgia, on the first of January, under the care of Rev. George Pierce, assisted by a suitable Faculty. The building, situated on a pleasant eminence overlooking the city of Macon, is spacious, containing seventy-two rooms sufficient to accommodate two hundred boarders. It is said the friends of the institution have made to it the generous donation of fifty thousand dollars. The rooms are to be furnished by the parents of the pupils, to whom the charge will be $150 per annum for room rent and board, and $100 for tuition. The following brief view of the course to be pursued, is furnished by the prospectus:

'In the College will be taught not only the whole course of English Letters and Science, but also vocal and instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting, together with the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian Languages; and last, though not least, there will be in operation a system of Domestic Economy, by which the young ladies, under the direction of experienced teachers, will be enabled, and required to prepare, and keep in order, all their own clothing, thereby avoiding milliner's bills while at school, and at the same time preparing themselves creditably to do this work for themselves and families, in future life. The great object of the Trustees will be, to make the course of studies practical and moral, as well as literary, thereby rendering the pupils that may pass through this institution, the comfort and pride of all associated with them in after years.'

The course marked out is certainly very liberal and ample. Under the head of 'English Letters and Science,' we suppose are included those practical branches which form the most valuable part of the intellectual acquisitions of every female, such as Composition, (we say not Rhetoric, nor Grammar, but we mean the power of expressing thought correctly and happily,) History, Geography, Moral Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, etc. There is too much of a disposition at the present day, to neglect these studies in our female seminaries, for the sake of acquiring the knowledge of a few French or Italian phrases, or the power of scrawling a few things called drawings, by the help of patterns made and explained by others. We would not by these remarks, be understood as in the least disparaging any of the studies mentioned. Music, painting, or any of the languages enumerated, may be very useful and proper parts of the education of a young lady, but let them be attended to in their proper place.

One or two rules well observed on the part of parents, would often save them and their daughters from much labor, disappointment and chagrin. In the first place, secure those studies which are most important, or absolutely essential. It is pitiful to hear a little Miss talking about French, Latin, Italian, &c. who every time she puts pen to paper, almost commits *manslaughter*, in the treatment of her native tongue, or to hear her thrumming on the piano, before she has been taught to govern her passions, or scarcely to consider the difference between right and wrong. In the next place, what further studies will be most useful to her, or enable her to be most useful in life? And can they be thoroughly acquired? Never spend time and money upon any study for the sake of having it said you have studied it.

A practical system of domestic economy is also appended to the plan of this seminary, which is certainly a recommendation. There can be no objection to fixing habits of industry and domestic order, in connection with intellectual pursuits. In this institution, it extends only to the preparation and care of clothing, but in several institutions in the north and west, all the domestic work of the establishment is performed by the pupils. The habits of society at the north and south, however, differ in this respect, and probably will differ while our southern friends endure the curse of domestics in the relation of slaves.—*Watchman.*

THE BOY AND THE INFIDEL.

Said a gentleman in Boston, who does not believe the Bible, to a young Sabbath school teacher, one day, not long since—

Do you know how Jesus Christ learned to work his pretended miracles?

I have no doubt they were real miracles, answered the young man; and that they wrought by the mighty power of God.

Nonsense! superstition! said the gentleman; nothing but superstition. Why he learned it of the Egyptian magicians. Do you not know that he spent all his early life in Egypt?

I know he was there a short time, when he was quite young, answered the teacher, but not long.

You cannot prove, said the gentleman, even from the Bible itself, that he did not live there till he was about thirty, except that he was at Jerusalem once, when he was about twelve years old.

The young man drew his Bible from his pocket, and opened to the fourth chapter of Luke's gospel, at the sixteenth verse, and asked the gentleman to read it.

No, said he, read it yourself, if you please; I do not wish to take the trouble.

So the young man proceeded to read as follows:—'And he (that is Jesus) came to Nazareth, *where he had been brought up*: and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.'

Well, what of that? said the gentleman, who did not perceive the drift of the passage, or else feigned ignorance; what do you make of that?

Make of it? said the young man, why, if he was brought up in Nazareth, he was not brought up in Egypt, surely.

The gentleman turned on his heel, and went away. Thus it is with many cavillers at the Bible. They have never examined it for themselves. They take their arguments, many of them, at second hand. A mere boy, who is a thorough Bible student, can often foil them with their own weapons.—*S. S. Messenger.*

A CHRISTIAN PARENT'S REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

The bills of mortality show that more than half the human race die in infancy and childhood. As God then gave us five children, and has now taken away three, we are not to think ourselves more hardly dealt with than others; especially as these dear little ones have doubtless entered upon a good exchange. There is much in the consideration that so many immortal human beings are just shown to this world, and so quickly removed into another. They are as those plants which are gathered and housed the moment they are in season; while others, who arrive at maturer age, are as the fewer plants, which, being left for seed, remain longer out in wind and weather. What pains one's natural feelings most is, that we so much miss the delight we have enjoyed in the lovely innocent ways of a thriving child. But even this is made up for by the sure and certain prospect of what is far better. We do not regret the fall of the sweet and delightful blossoms of our plants and trees, though they soon drop off in such multitudes, because the fruit which succeeds is attended with more substantial enjoyment. Had we no such child born to us a year ago, it is true we should not have been in our present sorrow; but having attended it this day to its grave, we are temporally in the same situation as if we had never possessed it. And yet we can count it gain to be able to reckon one more child of our own in heaven. It therefore was neither 'made for naught,' nor brought into the world in vain, nor has the care we expended on it been thrown away. And now that such care has ceased, and our responsibility with it, we have the more leisure to attend to the one thing needful, and to direct to this great object in a more undivided manner, the attention of our two surviving children.

READING THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.

In many of our churches the reading of the Scriptures forms no part of the public worship, and in many more, the duty receives a very partial and imperfect performance. We have often remarked the difference between the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches in regard to the public exercises of the sanctuary. In the former, the Liturgy, which requires the reading of much Scripture, holds a very prominent place, and the sermon a much more subordinate one; in the other, the devotional exercises hold too low a rank, while the sermon is regarded as the principal object for which the public assembly is convened. Perhaps both of these practices are extremes, and a middle course should be preferred, in which prayer, praise, reading the Scriptures, and preaching should receive an equal share of attention. We have often lamented in our own church, the apparent indifference to what we fear, many hearers regard as mere preparatory exercises, to the more immediate object of their assembling; and ministers not infrequently contribute to this dangerous mistake, by the hurried manner in which they offer prayer, read a chapter, and give out a Psalm, as if anxious to spare time for their sermon. In this respect we are well persuaded there is room for reform. As worship is now conducted, there is first the singing of a Psalm, then what is called the *long prayer*, then singing, then a sermon usually an hour in length and sometimes even longer, then a hurried prayer and singing. The division of time is here manifestly unequal, and each duty is not permitted to stand forth in its due proportion. We are not friendly to unnecessary innovation, but we are far from believing that every thing is best which is sanctioned by custom. There are a few considerations which, if duly weighed, would have a salutary influence in regulating the devotions and religious instruction of a congregation. The first is, that attention is apt to flag, when people, who are accustomed to active pursuits during the week, are on the Sabbath congregated in the sanctuary to remain in a great measure during a term of two hours together. The very inaction will in many produce drowsiness, in spite of opposing efforts, especially if any one exercise is unduly protracted. Another consideration is, that it is a very principal part of duty in the sanctuary, not only to hear God's messengers, but to hear God himself speaking directly through his word, and to maintain intercourse with Him in prayer and praise. These exercises if properly apportioned, are sufficiently varied to keep the attention awake and to interest the heart. Have we not reason, therefore to believe, that when a congregation is listless, it may in a great measure be attributed to the want of a judicious management in their presiding officer? Are not his prayers interminable, or is not his sermon tedious, monotonous, and prosy? Does he not conduct the worship of the sanctuary without any just regard to the circumstances of the people and the infirmities of human nature? It would at least be well to ponder these inquiries. We are aware of the kind of apologies which are sometimes urged in extenuation of injudicious management, and yet they have but little weight in themselves. Thus we have heard a minister pray for half an hour, and offer as an apology that his feelings were so much engaged as to render him insensible to the lapse of time; while at the same time the people, whose worship he was pretending to conduct, were sensible only of weariness under his unimpassioned manner and repetitions. We have heard ministers preach also for an hour and a half, an extreme case it is true, and apologise that they had found they could not do their subject justice in less time; when to every hearer of judgment it was apparent, that more careful study would have enabled them to compress the matter of their discourse in a sermon which would have required but *thirty* minutes in the delivery. There can be no greater mistake in ministers than to suppose, that in every prayer they must pray for every thing which forms a suitable topic for supplication; or that in every sermon, they must advance every idea which the subject might legitimately suggest. They are ministering to others, and *their* circumstances and feelings are to be taken into the account. Where the Scriptures are read as a part of public worship, objections of a similar kind arise, from the slovenly manner in which it is done. A chapter is not read when the words of it are repeated. The sense and impressiveness of it may be essentially marred, by a disregard to emphasis, by a dull monotony of tone and by a hurried and bungling manner. Every clergyman presumes he can read a chapter in the Bible to his congregation without premeditation, but many mistake their capacity. A chapter that is to be read to a congregation, should be previously read aloud in the study; its emphatic points should be noted, the proper inflexions of voice should be studied, its spirit should be imbibed, and then the public reading of it may be expected, not only to arrest attention, but to produce the most salutary impressions on the auditors. It would be a happy circumstance if every minister of the Gospel was fully sensible of the power and influence of a just elocution. A portion of Scripture well and ill read is nearly as diverse under the two forms of presenting it, as if it were read in a known and unknown tongue. As an illustration, it was said of the celebrated *Kirwan*, that it was worth a ride of twenty miles to hear him repeat the Lord's prayer; and we ourselves have heard the late Dr. Mason read a chapter in the Bible in a manner which was equal to an exposition, so clearly was the sense elicited. The same remark will apply to the reading of the Psalms and Hymns which are to be sung. They may be caricatured by a whining, sing-song tone, or they may be made to speak to the heart like an impassioned address. All these things are worthy of the most careful study. A minister may suppose that his principal business is to prepare a well digested discourse,—to have all the points properly brought out, and all his arguments properly weighed. But he mistakes human nature. His slovenly manner may render unavailable all his preliminary study; and the manner in which he conducts the devotional exercises, may prepare the congregation to hear his sermon with attention or to treat it with utter disregard. In a word, therefore, we insist that a minister who would be faithful to the souls of his people, should not consider any part of the public worship of God so easy as to be performed without careful study: there should be previous preparation for each and every part.—*Presbyterian.*

TEMPERANCE IN RUSSIA.

By the Coriolanus, Capt. Tenney, we have received the St. Petersburgh Journal to June 13. It is mostly filled with news which we have had already from other sources. One number contains an extract from the Agricultural Gazette, which may be worth translating. Here it is.

'It is known that within a few years, there have been formed in America, in England, and in Sweden, Temperance Societies, the object of which is, to cure the people of intemperance. The beneficial results of the labors of these societies are well known. They have found imitators in Russia; and it is remarkable, that the simple hearted peasants of the little parish of Nieder-Bartow in Courtland have set the first example. The accounts of the Temperance Societies in the Gazette which is published in the Lettish language for the use of the inhabitants of those provinces, together with the wise advice of their worthy pastor, having convinced them of the happy consequences that would flow from a reformation of their habits, 96 peasants of that parish spontaneously formed a Temperance Society among themselves. In the same Gazette they have published an article in which they give an account, with the most touching simplicity, of the motives which influenced them in this movement, the difficulties which some of them experienced, at the beginning, in abstaining wholly from strong drinks, the good effects which they have already found, though their Society dates only from the last festival of Noel, and the happy influence of their example on those of their companions, even, who at first laughed at their Society,—83 of whom have now joined it. They close this appeal to their fellow countrymen, by declaring that, since they have found by their own experience the beneficial consequences of this new mode of life, they have felt desirous to do what they could, to induce others to take the same course; invoking the blessing of heaven upon efforts which shall be made for so laudable an object.'

This 'Agricultural Gazette,' we learn from another number of the Journal, was established by the Minister of Finance, in 1835. 'It is doing much to promote all branches of rural economy, by carrying to the home of the landed proprietors, and even to the peasants, among whom it reckons a great number of readers, all the practical information, discoveries and experiments which relate to agriculture.' This shows that the Russian government does not exert its power wholly in conquest abroad and oppression at home. It takes upon itself the business of instructing its subjects in useful knowledge; at least, in such knowledge as it deems useful; such as will enable them to pay greater sums into the Imperial treasury.

It appears too, that the Russian government is wise enough to see that the strength of the empire will be increased by making the people temperate. If we get the story aright, this Agricultural Gazette, issued by the treasury department, first collected and published accounts of Temperance societies in other countries. At any rate, government permitted those accounts to appear in some gazette in the Lettish language. The peasants read, thought, talked with their pastor, formed their society, and prepared their report. The gazette in Lettish,—with the approbation of government, of course. for without that nothing is printed in Russia—spreads the report before its readers, and the official paper under the patronage of the treasury department gives it the favorable notice which our readers have seen.—*N. Y. Observer.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE DYING GIRL'S FAREWELL.

By Miss L. S. R., a member of the Hardwick High School, suggested by the death of a schoolmate, Miss Mary F. daughter of Dr Joseph Stone of H.

Farewell, dear father, fare thee well;
No power on earth can save,
Not e'en thy love, thy skill and care—
I sink into the grave.

I leave thee, father—Jesus calls,
And shall I not comply?
With joy I leave these earthly halls,
To dwell with God on high.

Farewell, dear mother, fare thee well;
Thou who hast watch'd my bed,
With tender care my wants supplied,
And bath'd my aching head.

Farewell, dear mother, on thy breast
In youth I wept and smil'd,—
I find a dearer place of rest,
Mourn not thy darling child.

I leave thee, mother,—all thy love,
Thy tender guardian care,
I leave them, for that rest above
My Savior doth prepare.

Farewell, kind sisters,—love's sweet ties
On earth must now be riven;
Yet dry, oh dry your weeping eyes,
We soon shall meet in Heaven.

I leave you, lov'd ones,—we have play'd
Beneath the self-same tree,
We've in the grove and arbor stray'd,
And climb'd one parent knee.

I leave you—in your songs of joy,
My voice no more will be,
Celestial strains my tongue employ—
O, weep ye not for me.

Farewell, ye smiling fields and flow'rs,
Ye've charms which none can tell,
Ye sylvan groves, and shady bow'rs,
I bid you all farewell.

That Hall to which my feet were drawn
By Learning's magic spell,
With all its lov'd, familiar forms,
I bid them all farewell.

Farewell, my teacher, fare thee well;
Thy rich and varied lore;
From earthly founts for me will run
Fair Learning's stream no more.

Farewell, my school-mates, we've been taught
In virtue's path to tread,
Together, we have knowledge sought,
And been with knowledge fed.

I leave you, youthful friends, farewell!
We meet on earth no more,—
Remember now your Maker God,
Ere youth's bright dreams are o'er,

Hardwick, Ms. Oct. 12, 1838.

IDOLATRY IN INDIA.

Fellow Countrymen,—Believing that the generality of you are unacquainted with the proceedings of the Indian Government, both at home and abroad, I beg to address you on the subject, trusting that when they are made known, you will with one voice denounce them as unchristian and iniquitous, and through the medium of petitions to Parliament oblige them to repeal measures which are a disgrace to any government or nation calling itself Christian. The British possessions in India consist of an immense territory, and a population of 100,000,000 of souls—more than a tenth of the population of the whole world—immersed in idolatry the most sanguinary and brutal, and superstition the most obscene and abominable. You would naturally suppose that a Christian Government would use every means to instruct and enlighten such a people; instead of which, the rulers of India have been the determined opposers of all attempts to instruct in the truths of Christianity the inhabitants of that benighted land, and only submitted to measures for that purpose when they could no longer resist them; and they have lately declared at a General Court, that they will receive no further remonstrances on the subject of the Pilgrim Tax, the support they publicly render to idolatry, or the violence they do the consciences of their civil and military servants, by obliging them to attend in honor of the idolatrous festivals and ceremonies of the heathen.

The support rendered to idolatry by the British government is briefly this:—

1. They PAY a band of organized pilgrim hunters to collect pilgrims from all parts of India, who persuade multitudes, by the assurance of eternal happiness, to undertake long and painful pilgrimages—from which not one in five return alive—who otherwise would never think of leaving their homes. These pilgrim-hunters are paid so much per head for each person they persuade to go; consequently, the more they get the better they are paid. The surplus of the tax goes into the treasury of the Indian government, which in fifteen years, from four temples alone amounted to upwards of one million sterling.

2. They PAY the priests and prostitutes who frequent the temples, 5000*l.* a year being paid to the native officers of Juggernaut's temple alone, out of the proceeds of the pilgrim tax. The car of this idol, (under whose ponderous wheels hundreds are yearly crushed to death,) is ornamented with English cloth of divers colors, at the annual expense of 200*l.* furnished by the British government.

3. They do violence to the consciences of their servants by obliging them to attend in honor of the idolatrous ceremonies of the heathen; they treat with neglect the respectful remonstrances which they make against it, and the Commander-in-chief of Madras, Sir P. Maitland, sooner than enforce these unchristian orders, has resigned in disgust.

Fellow countrymen—Will you not unanimously protest against this crying iniquity? Some of you are doubtless anxious that the poor heathen should be brought to a knowledge of a crucified Savior; but while the devoted missionary is toiling on the plains of India to effect this blessed object, the Indian government are doing all they can to frustrate it, by sending forth a larger body of emissaries to delude and ruin souls, than all the missionaries in the world who go forth to save them. But a newspapers is not the place to enlarge on this painful subject. Petition parliament from every town and village. It is believed that 120,000 human beings are annually sacrificed by the Juggernaut pilgrimage—and knowing this, if we remain silent we are verily guilty.

AN OFFICER OF THE INDIAN ARMY,
Who has been obliged to attend in honor of an idolatrous festival.—*London Record.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—On Sunday evening at seven o'clock the Rev. S. Cobb will deliver an address at the MARLBORO' CHAPEL on the subject of the connexion of the Temperance cause, with our CIVIL, SOCIAL and RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

This gentleman has lectured with great acceptance in various places, and with much success. He uses great plainness of speech, dwells on important *facts*, and if he fails to produce conviction, never gives offence. At the present time, when every citizen has a duty to perform to his family, his country, and his God, all are bound to hear, and then to judge for themselves. A SUBSCRIBER.

Oct. 24.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 27, 1838.

AUTUMN.

The Seasons have not accomplished their end, when they have performed their beneficent and beautiful changes, when they have preserved their harmonious succesion and order, when they have fulfilled the promise of God to the husbandman, when they have cast their rich and variegated mantle upon the fields, and refreshed the senses with fragrance and fruits, and scattered the hoar frost upon the earth, and spread the autumnal feast for all that lives. When they have done all this they have not yet fulfilled their mission. They have higher and holier purposes to answer: and that man's heart is unnatural and worldly who, while they pass before him and work their beneficent and wonderful mutations in the air and on the earth, feels within his own cold breast no sympathy with their varying moods and acknowledges no corresponding changes and progression in his aspirations and character. It is part of our religious duty to hold the heart open to the salutary influences of nature, and to catch inspiration from the shifting scenes, that, guided by the hand of Infinite Wisdom and Love, are continually presented to our eye in the great temple of Creation.

The present season of the year, Autumn, has its peculiar spirit and mood. Autumn teems with sacred influences.

The glory of the year is departing. The ornaments of nature have almost faded. The music of her holidays is hushed. Sere and yellow leaves are strowing the earth. The winds sigh with a melancholy sound as they sweep through the naked branches of the trees. Dry stalks and drooping grass cover the fields. The Heavens have put on their darker drapery, and the clouds assumed a wilder and bleaker aspect, which, the flush of morning and the glow of evening but in part relieve, while they skirt them with golden hues and tinge them with a solemn glory. The face of nature wears the sober and chastened aspect which human existence presents to the view of experience and age; and like experience and age, its salutary lesson is, a calm and serious consideration of life.

The chilling frost which passes over the fields is an emblem but too true of the blighting disappointments which are often in our path. There is a voice of truth in the sound of the dried leaf which rustles beneath our feet, that finds an echo in the deserted chambers of many a bereaved heart. There is a voice of truth in the moaning winds, answered as they are by the sigh of bitterness that is heaving full many a troubled bosom. There is a moral in the shortening and tempered brightness of the hours of light, and the quick descending shadows of evening, and the lengthening gloom of night.

By all these symbols, Nature would teach us to temper our earthly hopes; to realize the frailty of sublunary delights, and to look upon the world through the sober medium of truth. All these are eloquent with gentle rebuke to frivolity and vanity and inordinate desire. All these are entreating the soul to substitute for the round of specious pleasure the steady career of humble duty; for giddy and evanescent gayety, cheerfulness well grounded and serene; and the abiding graces of a holy and patient spirit for the light and decaying ornaments of a worldly mind. The sunshine is withdrawing by degrees from the gardens and palaces of the earth, and cold and decay are preparing the beauties of plain and mountain for the dust, that the eye of faith may be turned upward for unfading treasure, and hope look beyond the horizon of time for scenes of imperishable glory.

Another beautiful autumnal moral is present-

ed in its perfect pattern of duties faithfully done, benignant ends fully accomplished. The seasons have finished their work, and their reward is with us. The earth has been faithful and is going to rest. The fields have yielded their golden stores, and the flowers have deposited their seed for another Spring. God has smiled down upon the prolific ground, and the soil has been obedient and grateful, and returned his smile. He has shed down the sweet dews silently, and they have been welcomed and put to use for His children, while the rich treasures of His early and latter rain have been generously diffused to make many happy.

And now, as we look abroad upon the earth, she seems to us to be laying aside her gay robes of yesterday with satisfaction, cheerfulness and hope, and wears even a serene smile while her beauty decays from off her face, which is about to be sealed in a deep cold sleep. Solemnly but gently she reminds us of death, and kindly admonishes us to be ready to die. Let reason ponder her counsel, and piety be reassured by her example.

She paints on the scene which she is spreading before us, the same great lessons which the lips of human wisdom so frequently and so earnestly teach, that the faithful service of God is happiness in the end; that patience and labor are the narrow way to rest; that humble obedience in youth, and steady progress in manhood will slowly weave a crown of glory for the hoary head, silently spread the pillow of peace for the trusting pilgrim when his journey is over, and light up, one by one, the rays of promise that gild the calm sunset of the good man's life.

FROM OUR ODD DRAWER.

At midnight there was a cry made.

It has often been remarked that the young are more easily reconciled to leave the world than the old. My own small experience leads me to consent to this opinion. I have never been called to minister as a spiritual friend to a single young person who has exhibited strong and distressing unwillingness to die. A friend, indeed, once described to me a death-scene the memory of which strikes a chill to my heart. A man who had just reached the prime of life, of noble mein, fashionable and prosperous, and who, from infancy had enjoyed uninterrupted health, was, by an instantaneous infliction of Providence, snatched from business and, pleasure, and in the exercise of all his faculties prostrated on his couch, with Death, the unwelcome, mysterious stranger, staring him full in the face. The sight of his distress—his anguish of soul, was heart rending. He cried for life—he implored for a day, an hour—'Death! Death! O, I cannot die'—he muttered audibly, while the cold sweat dropped from his agitated temples, and his whole frame shivered as if an icy hand were seizing his heart.

This, doubtless, was not a solitary instance of reluctance and horror at the unexpected advent of the hour of dissolution. And, being a solemn fact in the soul's experience, it is not unworthy of record, and may not be unprofitable to consider.

But, blessed be God, such cases are extremely rare. The Angel of Death, dreaded as he is by many, and terrible as the excited fancy represents him, is far more frequently kind and gentle in the performance of his solemn commission. He deals with the departing tenderly; gradually he dissolves the ties that bind him to the world: almost imperceptibly steals from the heart its love of life; softly spreads a veil over the senses; and alleviates by unperceived ministrations the pains of the body and the undefinable terrors of the mind. With a benignant care, moreover, he spares the feelings of surviving friends; irradiating, at intervals, the pallid countenance over which they bend in breathless anxiety, with lovelier smiles and more angelic expressions than it was wont to wear; displaying triumphantly the worth and beauty of the soul as the body decayeth; allowing the heart, with its treasure of love, to live and communicate its affection by signs never to be forgotten, even after the voice is dumb, and the ear and the eye are sealed; and then, when the spirit has taken its flight, lingering over the precious clay and composing the cold features to a serene and hopeful smile.

Those who are familiar with the visitations of Death, know well that they often afford not only the sublimest, but the most satisfactory, winning and lovely scenes that are ever presented to the contemplation of man.

It has been my delightful office to witness many a happy death. They are all impressed indelibly upon my memory; and, indeed, the sketches of some are preserved, rudely and hastily taken as that which follows.

Helen H. had just passed the middle of her teens. The lightness and uncertainty of childhood had ripened into the delicacy, modesty and harmony of virtuous and well disciplined youth, while all the charming simplicity of her earlier years remained. Thought lingered cheerfully on her calm and clear brow, and mirth played modestly upon her brilliant lips. Often have I seen her serious, but never sad; and often playful, but never gay. She was the most affectionate being too, that I have ever known, and yet without anything of facility, or weakness. You felt that she loved you, and yet by no particular sign, and no occasional and startling expression. Her piety too, was equal to her humanity, and, like her affection, mingled with every impulse and expression of her soul, and tinged the whole character.

From some unknown cause her health began to decline, but so slightly that a fond family observed it without anxiety. Her duties were all performed, and her friends enjoyed and served as before. Death was never mentioned in connection with her disease; nor indeed did its dark shadow ever once flit across her beautiful image in the apprehensions of the devoted circle that surrounded her—though perhaps, to her own mind the expectation of an early journey to heaven was a constant and a welcome visitant.

Such was the estate of Helen, and in such security her family rested, when, one night, while all under the roof were quietly asleep, she was startled from gentle slumber by a sense as of suffocation, and a most distressing fluttering of the heart. In a few minutes the whole of the family were collected around her bed, with evident signs of consternation and anxiety upon their faces; whilst Helen lay before them, too evidently near her end, glancing her eyes mildly from one to another and calmly repeating that her 'hour had come.' There was no sign of terror upon her countenance; there was no mark of agitation or apprehension in her eye; there was no murmur of regret upon her lips. She asked the sister nearest to her in age to bring the Bible and read her favorite psalm, beginning 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' She entreated them all to be composed and join her spirit in repeating the Savior's Prayer. She distributed amongst them her most valuable treasures and sent kind messages to the dearest of her absent friends. She whispered in her Mother's ear that she loved her Father in Heaven too much to be afraid to shut her eyes upon *her*. She waved adieu, and returned the pressure of each familiar hand, and, ere the dawn illuminated the east, her freed spirit was rejoicing amongst the bright ranks of Heaven under the smile of her God.

We would invite attention to the following

CIRCULAR.

Boston, October, 1838.

Dear Sir,—It is exceedingly desirable to collect a Library for the use of the worshippers at the Pitts Street Chapel. A large proportion of those who attend there, both young and old, are much engaged in self improvement, and their application to me for books, is far beyond my means of supply. The chapel, (it gives me pleasure to say,) has become since its erection, two years ago, a centre of the happiest and most useful influences. Although most of our members have but little time for reading except on the Sabbath, and in the evening, or when confined to the house by sickness, yet, at these times they have leisure, the right improvement of which, may aid them much in their mental and spiritual progress. Well selected books, which illustrate the scriptures; which inculcate Christian doctrines and principles, or which have any bearing upon the Christian life and character, will be very gratefully received. Also, any upon ancient and modern history, or biography, or any books that will be useful, attractive and innocent, by which home may be made more pleasant and improving during the long evenings of winter.

A society was formed, about two years since, of young men, who principally worship at the chapel, entitled the Franklin Association; the object of which is the improvement of its members in knowledge and virtue. The meetings are held every Wednesday evening, in the winter. They have made some progress in collecting a library, which is to be connected with the chapel. Any works, therefore, which treat of any of the mechanic arts, or elementary books on science, will be very acceptable.

It is thought you can hardly make a more useful appropriation of books, or one that would be more thankfully received, than to this library. Any books can be sent to the subscriber, No. 59 Hancock Street, or a line may be dropped in the Post Office to him, when the books will be cheerfully sent for. Should you not have books in your library which you can conveniently spare, for this object, any donation to it, in money, will be faithfully applied by,

Yours, very respectfully,

FREDERICK T. GRAY.

The above application is approved by the Executive Committee of the Fraternity of Churches. F. T. G.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT,

The following counsel of the late Dr. Nevins to the disputants of the Old and New Schools in the Presbyterian Church is worthy of admiration and remembrance. It is a beautiful evidence that the author had been with Jesus.

'I am no metaphisician. I have no skill in splitting hairs. Nor am I a partizan. I don't belong exactly to either of the schools. I am something of an eclectic. There are many things about the old school that I like. I am of opinion, that it is none the worse for being old. There are some things about the new school, that I don't greatly object to. I suspect after all, that both schools have the same Master, though in each, some things are learned, as is apt to be the case, which the Master does not teach. I think the scholars of both schools ought to love one another. I am persuaded the Master loves both. I wish they would love each other, and leave off calling names, and dealing out sarcasm, and indulging suspicions of each other, and imputing a bad motive, when it is not certain but it might have been a good one. Oh, I wish they would; I desire it for charity's sake, I desire it for truth's sake;—for the way to think alike. Nothing tends more to make people of one mind than being of one heart. If they felt heart to heart, they would be apt to see eye to eye. I wish the brethren would, in putting matters right, begin at this end. We *have* tried the other end. I wish, for the sake of sound doctrine, that the brethren would love each other. For one, I am determined to do so. I will not call any brother a fox, though he should have some degree of management about him; nor a *bear*, though he may not have all the civility in the world; nor a snake in the grass, because he does not reveal to me all his plans. If I really do fear that any one called a brother, bears none of the lineaments of the First Bogotten, I will tell the Lord my fears, and pray for him; and before I have done at the throne of grace, I will say, 'Search *me*, O God, and know *my* heart; try *me*, and know *my* thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in *me*.'

'Dr. Nevins acknowledged the propriety and necessity of religious controversy. But that which he deprecated was a bad spirit in conducting it. While on his death bed he wrote, that there were other reasons than those given by Christ, for praying the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into the harvest; 'and among them, that many of the laborers have left off work, and have converted the field of labor into an arena of conflict. They are using their implements of husbandry against each other. O, how they *cut* each other; and how pleased they are when they have dealt a severe blow. There was a *good* one, they say. In the mean time, the harvest *rots*, or is not reaped.'"

HOW TO SHAME THE DEVIL.

It is said that on the island of Java, when a house is on fire, the inhabitants bring all the looking-glasses they can find and hold them around the building, that the Devil may be forced to see his face and be so frightened at its ugliness as to take himself off and leave his work of destruction incomplete.

Doubtless, if men were more ready with their looking glasses whenever the adversary is near and in a heat, there would be a good deal more shame and less of sin in the world.

We have been requested to direct the eye of our city subscribers to an advertiseemnt headed Chardon Street Lectures.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Persecuted Lutherans.-The New York Star gives extracts from German papers, which mention the arrival at Berlin of a number of emigrants, all rigid Lutherans, formerly composing the congregation of the Rev. Mr Schirhel, against both whom and his flock the military were turned out. They were bound to Hamburg, and from thence to America, where they had been preceded by agents to purchase land, as they are not without resources. They emigrate to 'preserve the true faith,' and in this feature resemble the Pilgrims of old, who left England and then Holland, to come to this country to preserve the liberty of concience.

Methodists in the United States.—We have received our general minutes for 1837-8; and they present us with the encouraging fact, as noticed in our last— of an increase of nearly thiry two thousand members, as follows: whites 605,212; colored 79,236; Indians 2,101; total 686,549. Travelling preachers 3,106: superanuated 216; local 5,792, total of preachers 9,114.

To the above may be added the members in connexion with the Wesleyan Methodists in England, Ireland, and about 50,000, as we are informed, of Protestant Methodists in the United States, But numbers are no evidence, necessarily, of piety. —*Maine Wes. Journal.*

President Edwards, in Ceylon.—Mr. Eckard writes, that no uninspired writer has given him so much assistance in the work of training native assistants, as Pres. E, even in the elucidation of difficulties urged by heathens against the Christian system. The mind of that eminent theologian is influencing Hindoo teachers of religion, so many years after his decease.—*Recorder.*

Siam.—Mr Johnson continues his Chinese school at Bankok, and the children make good proficiency in their studies. The government of the country is wretched, and children belonging to the Chinese schools are often kidnapped by the Rulers, to be trained for play-actors. Mr J.'s school, however, is unmolested.

Chinese worship has been held regularly at the Dispensary on Sabbath morning, and the audience has averaged thirty or forty. The children of the school are the singers at this worship. Some apparently listen with attention to the word.

The greatest obstacle to the conversion of the Chinese, so far as their moral conduct is concerned, is the general prevalence of gambling, and opium smoking. But few, comparatively, it is found, are free from the latter vice. Bad as is alcohol, it holds not its victims with half so strong a grasp as opium. He struggles, but struggles in vain for freedom. Nothing but the Almighty power of God can overcome such an obstacle. Yet prospects are on the whole encouraging. Tracts are readily received. Schools are prospering. Multitudes are ready to applaud the benevolence of the missionaries in administering to their bodily maladies, and very readily assent to the excellence of their principles, though they do not follow them.—*ib.*

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MR JOSEPH HOOPER,—AGED 72.

OF BRIDGEWATER.

This was a man who should not go to his rest without some notice from the living. He was the last member of a much respected family, and the brother of a young man who was settled and died early in the ministry, and will be remembered now by some of his surviving contemporaries, as being distinguished for his early scholarship, and as giving a pledge, by his first productions and labors in the profession, of an eminent standing among the Divines of New-England. The individual whose death is above recorded, was a person, whose native freedom from all impetuosity of temper and action, enabled him to maintain, a remarkably even and happy tenor of life. His quiet, serene and well governed mind, made him a peaceful, inoffensive neighbor,—wholly exempting him from that too prevalent fault of an officious intermeddling with the affairs and concerns of others. His just mode of thinking and conversing, his speaking to the purpose when he *did* speak, his correct views, and his exemplary conduct abroad and at home, made him a valuable and much regarded member of Society. While he was thus faithful in his duties as a neighbor, and a citizen, the estimable character and standing of the family whom he has left to lament his departure, seems to bear testimony to the fidelity with which he discharged the duties of a parent.

His disease, which had made him an invalid for several years, was of such nature, that although it had exceedingly debilitated his bodily energies, it left his mind clear and unclouded. Being obliged to relinquish temporal business, and to seek retirement from its cares, he was the more disposed to devote himself to reading and meditation. His sickness therefore was of such sort as to favor a faithful preparation for the untried scenes of futurity. Such a preparation, we believe was made. To the clergyman with whom he had frequent intercourse, he talked much upon his approaching departure, and no fears in regard to it, ruffled the serenity of his soul, A future life was the theme on which he was inclined to converse; and he never spoke of it without a smile upon his countenance. Rarely is a person to be found, whose faith in religion had more completely disrobed death of his terrors. The patience with which he sustained a state of long protracted feebleness, the quietude and satisfied state of mind with which he passed the evening of his days, by means of an unfaltering faith in the great truths of the Christian religion, afforded a proof of its reality, and worth, as convincing as any chapter in the powerful evidence of Paley. Every such character ought to be noticed, because it tends to confirm the Christian in his faith, and to convince the infidel of his error. He met his dissolution with that same composure and freedom from fear with which he had long anticipated it; and a voice comes now from his death-bed, refuting the thread-bare charge, that 'Unitarian Christianity,'—which he had espoused, and in which his belief was steadily confirmed,—'is a religion that may do to live by, but will not do to die by.'

T. P. D.

INTELLIGENCE.

New York Rural Cemetery.—This desideratum, says the Journal of Commerce, has at length been supplied. A large tract of land lying between the Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues, and 136th and 139th streets, has been appropiated for the purpose, and surveyed into twenty-six double ranges, designated by the letters of the alphabet, each range containing from ninety to one hundred and twenty lots, making in all near three thousand family lots. The position is above Manhattanville, on the bank of the Hudson, eight miles from the City Hall. The bustle of business will not reach that point soon enough to disturb the slumbers of any of us who are now to determine where a hillock shall be raised over our dust. The place has been named 'Mount Lebanon.'

Pennsylvania.—The returns on the question of the acceptance or rejection of the amendments to the Constitution, agreed to by the late Pennsylvania Convention are but imperfectly received, but it is supposed that the amendments are accepted by the people.

Ornamental Trees.—The time is at hand when those who are desirous of transplanting ornamental trees should be up and doing. We rejoice that the public taste in relation to this matter has undergone a great improvement within a few years, and that shady forest trees are now considered an useful and ornamental addition to a beautiful village. We copy the following hints in relation to transplanting trees, from one of our exchange papers:

'Be careful not to transplant before the leaves have fallen—as soon after as you please.

The trees should be taken from open ground. If taken from the dense forest, they will not bear the exposure.

Select trees of second growth; they have better tops and better roots than the first.

Transplant the tree entire. The leaves are the lungs of the tree, and affect its growth as much as the roots. The frequent practice of lopping off the top is very bad.

Be sure and get all the roots. Remember the small fibres are what absorb nourishment for the tree. Strip off these, and the main body of the root becomes only a contrivance to hold the tree up. Do not expose the roots to sun and air longer than absolutely necessary. Let them carry with them as much of the old soil as they can hold on to.

In setting out the trees be careful to make the hole so large that the roots shall not be coiled; neither let them be crowded together, for then they will decay.

Throw upon the roots at first fine strong mould, never any manure; then throw on water, and shake the tree till the mud has filled up all the interstices between the roots. After the ground is somewhat dry fill up the hole and tread down the earth. Never leave a tree so that water can stand over its roots.'

Hedges.—A foreigner travelling through portions of the cultivated parts of New England, is struck with surprise at observing the wretched state of the fences in this country. A few loose stones piled on each other, and dignified with the title of *stone walls*, or a few boards placed between a couple of slender stakes, and separated from each other by withes, constitute about the only kind of fences, which are to be seen on the wealthiest farms of New England. A flock of sheep may easily destroy rods of the one, and a furious blast of wind is sure to destroy the other. We need no other proof of the peaceful habits of our domestic quadrupeds, than to know they may be retained within proper bounds, by such apparently inefficient means.

These kind of fences throw an air of poverty and cheerlessness over an otherwise beautiful landscape; and a foreigner cannot help contrasting them with the verdant hedges of Europe, which are impenetrable to man or beast; which require no labor or expense in repairs; and which are a vast improvement to the appearance of a country.

A farmer cannot give too much attention to the fences of his farm; for without good ones, he might as well cultivate open fields; and he is always in danger of having his corn or grass destroyed by his own or other people's cattle. Various kinds of plants have been recommended for constructing hedges, among which is the *White Thorn*, which is said to be the most proper, as it grows quickly, is very durable, makes a handsome appearance, and will thrive in every variety of soil. The *Black Thorn* is also much used, but it is considered interior to the other. The Hazel, the Willow, and the Alder, may also be cultivated successfully for this purpose. The *Buck Thorn*, which grows wild in some parts of New England, and the *Holly*, make excellent materials for *ornamental* hedges. It is said that the common *Barberry*, if planted with care, will, within a few years, make a hedge, inferior only, to the White Thorn. And we have been assured that if after making cider, the apple pumice, is strewed in a ditch, purposely made, and afterwards partially covered with earth, that the young apple trees, with occasional trimming, will in a few years make a strong, durable, and impenetratable hedge. We believe this experiment has already been successfully tried in some parts of New England.

Thus the means of enclosing fields with hedges, instead of the common description of fences, is in the reach of every farmer, and the art of constructing them is very simple. Treatises on this subject may be had in abundance.—*Mer. Jour.*

From Guiana.—By the Alexander, at Hartford, we have a file of the British Guiana Royal Gazette to Sept. 22d. The only paragraph which we find in them, of interest to the American reader, is the following.

The French Government have ordered all their own slaves in Cayenne to be free. How long will the planters be able to retain theirs? This good intelligence has been communicated to us by a person who lately visited the Colony in question. Free men of British Guiana, behave well, and, by and by, there will not be a boordsman on the face of the wide earth!

Later from Europe. London papers to Sept. 27th have been received at New York. The Daily Advertiser gives a summary of the news, from which we extract the following items.

There are some movements on the continent which are deserving of notice. The governments of the Swiss Cantons were discussing the subject of the answer to be given to the demand of the French government, in relation to Louis Napoleon. In most of the Councils there was great diversity of opinion.

A Russian army of 120,000 men was assembled near the Turkish frontier, in pursuance of orders, it was said, given by the Emperor, since his arrival in Germany.

There was a great radical meeting at Manchester Sept. 24 and speeches were made and resolutions adopted in favor of universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and equal representation.

An order has been issued from France to the effect that, in the event of a war between France and Mexico, all vessels sailing under Mexican letters of marque will be treated as pirates, unless their crews are composed of at least two third Mexicans.

Accounts from Bagdad state, that the Euphrates steamer had entered the canal near Teluga, below Hit, and, proceeding across the flooded marshes, had come out into the Tigris, about a mile below Bagdad; and having from thence again descended the river to Bussorah, to procure a fresh crew from India, had returned to Bagdad with Captain Lynch, who was ill at that place.

The Liverpool Chronicle of 28th Sept. says, that a regular steam navigation, by means of four vessels of 1800 tons burthen each, is about to be established between Havre and New York.

The Naval Force of Russia.—An interesting article on this subject is published in a late number of the Foreign Quarterly Review. The facts are chefly derived from Captain Crawfurd, who visited the Baltic some time since, and was afforded all proper facilities by the Emperor. His account is briefly as follows:—

'The Baltic fleet consists of three ships of 110 guns each, six of 84, and eighteen of 74, in all twenty-six sail of the line; one razee of 56 guns, a frigate of 52, and seventeen of 44, besides corvettes and small craft. The ships looked neat and man-of war like, though rather heavily rigged. Some of the manœvres were tolerably well performed, in spite of the weather being squally; in others they did not acquit themselves so adroitly. But the discipline is stated to be perfect, and the exercise at quarters equal to anything on board an English man-of-war in point of silence, regularity, and quickness. The seamen appeared strong, active, and hardy; and their officers gave them the character of being diligent and obedient. As a proof of smartness, the Lioness shifted her maintopsail-yard in a seamanlike manner in fifteen minutes. The ships are dull sailers, and rather short and heavy looking, but are formidably armed,—the larger ones carrying some very heavy guns amid-ships. This fleet is manned with 30,000 men, and has always four months' provision on board. There are besides several large ships on the stocks. The Black Sea fleet, according to Captain Crawfurd, is stated at eighteen sail of the line, besides frigates, and there are at least two ships of the line building at Nicolaef.'

The Captain remarks:—'The first feeling that pressed itself was, and very naturally,—here is Russia yearly augmenting a very large marine, and daily improving her power of using it; and the equally natural question was, what has England to meet this powerful force, were circumstances to compel her suddenly so to do?' 'It was a strange feeling,' says Captain Crawfurd, 'that came over me as an Englishman, and an officer in the British navy, on finding myself at sea with six and twenty line-of battleships, with nearly 30,000 men, better soldiers than they are sailors, and four months provision on board; knowing as I did that for the protection of the coasts of my own country, of our ports, of our mercantile shipping in the Baltic, the North Sea and the Channel, we had but seven line-of-battle-ships in a state of preparation, and those I believe not fully manned. I confess that confident as I felt in the superior skill and activity of my countrymen, I almost trembled for the preservation of their ancient sovereignty of the sea.'—*Philad. Inq.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday 18th inst at King's Chapel, by Rev. Mr Greenwood, Samuel W. Rodman Esq. of New Bedford, to Miss Emma, daughter of Hon. Thomas Motley, of this city.

In this city, by Rev Dr Jenks, Mr Mather Hayward, of Cambridge, to Miss Ann G. Holbrook.

In this city, Mr William Bolton to Miss Mary E. Lundergreen.

In this city, Oct. 21, Mr John J. Mitchell to Miss Emeline Libbey.

In Quincy, by Rev. Mr Whitney, Mr Jeremiah Nightingale to Miss Elizabeth S. G. Nightingale.

In Abington, Mr Nathaniel W. Cushing of Hanson, to Miss Sally Blake.

In Belcherton on the 9th. inst. by Rev. Mr Stearns of Northampton, Mr Calvin Bridgman, to Miss Susan M. D. Shaw, daughter of Mason Shaw, Esq., all of Belcherton.

In Springfield, Mr Joseph Ingle, of Washington City, to Miss Susan Child.

In Marshfield, Mr Geo. W. Nichols, of Waldoboro', Me. to Miss Penelope P. daughter of the late John Winslow Esq.

In Portland, Rev. Sidney Turner, of Brunswick, to Miss Harriet A., daughter of James Simonton.

In Peoria, Ill., James C. Armstrong, Esq. to Miss Sarah, daughter of Hon. Lewis Bigelow, formerly of Petersham, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Tuesday morning, while on a visit to this city, very suddenly, Mrs Mary Ann, wife of Mr Frederick Lambert, of Bangor, 31.

In this city, Oct. 21, Miss Ruth Mackay, 66.

In this city, on the 18th inst. Mr Amos Clark, 37.

In this city, Mary Anna, daughter of Thomas and Caroline Thacher, 8 years and 11 months.

At South Boston, Anna Lincoln, only child of Mr Thomas Nickerson, 11 months and 11 days.

In Roxbury, on Sunday last, Mrs Hannah, wife of Mr C. J. Adams, 43.

In Salem, on Friday last, Stephen Phillips, Esq. 72. Mr P. has been through life an active, enterprising and successful ship master and merchant.

In Newmarket, N. H. on Friday last, very suddenly, of a disease of the heart, Nathaniel Saltonstall, Esq. of Salem, 54.

In Mobile, 10th inst. Mrs Susan, wife of Mr Henry B. Brewster, 29, a native of Concord, N. H.

In Texas, in June last, Mr George Clinton Durell, son of Hon. Daniel M. Durell, of Dover, N. H; Mr Charles Ela, son of Nathl W. Ela, Esq. also of Dover.

In Charleston, S. C. 22d ult. of yellow fever, Mr Sullivan Glover, son of Mr John G. of Concord, N. H. 25.

In St Domingo City, 14th ult. Daniel W. Carney, Esq. U. S. Commercial Agent, formerly of this city.

In Baltimore, on Sunday evening last, in the 84th year of his age, Thorndick Chase, Esq. He was in the naval service of his country during the whole war of the revolution.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR NOVEMBER

WILL be published on Thursday next, The Christian Examiner, No. 89, for Nov. 1838.

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POETRY.

[From the October number of the Knickerbocker.]

THE FOUNTAIN.

There is a quiet glen, through whose deep shade
The sunlight faintly quivers. There the boughs,
Fragrant with bloom, seem pictured in the air,
So silently they slumber: while beneath,
Forever bubbling in the shadow cool,
Runs a transparent fountain. Round its brim
The wild-flowers gather, and the woodland birds,
Who make the air so musical with song,
Pause in their love-chants, and secure from harm,
Here stoop to drink. The water is like crystal;
And from its glassy surface mirrors back
The bending dome of the blue heaven above,
As if there were another heaven below.

Here do I often come, at close of day,
To renovate my spirit, and imbibe
From its deep calm, thoughts of tranquillity
The turmoil of the world is here unknown,
And the sharp sorrows that afflict mankind
Seldom or never enter. Here is peace.
And should my heart with heaviness be bowed,
Or my fond hopes be blighted, I will come
To this lone spot, that I may gather strength,
And with a Christian confidence bow down
To the great God who made me.

Like this scene,
So full of quiet beauty, may my soul
E'er keep a calm and pure serenity;
And as this silver fountain bubbles up,
And speeds in love upon its joyous way,
Diffusing life and freshness,—so may I,
Forever true to the All-perfect will,
Shed forth rich blessings on my daily path,
In silent love and meek beneficence.

R. C. W.

[From the Democratic Review, for October.]

FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

How beautiful it stands,
Behind its elm tree's screen,
With pure and Attic cornice crowned,
All graceful and serene.
Most sweet, yet sad, it is,
Upon yon scene to gaze
And list its inborn melody,
The voice of other days.

For there, as many a year
Its varied chart unrolled,
I hid me in those quiet shades,
And called the joys of old.
I called them, and they came,
Where vernal buds appeared,
Or where the vine-clad summer bower
Its temple-roof upreared.

Or where the o'er-arching grove
Spread forth its copse, green,
While eye-bright and asclepias reared
Their untrained stalks between—
And the squirrel from the bough
Its broken nuts let fall,
And the merry, merry little birds,
Sang at his festival.

Yon old forsaken nests,
Returning spring shall cheer,
And thence the unfledged robin send
His greeting wild and clear,—
And from yon clustering vine,
That wreaths the casement round,
The humming-bird's unresting wing
Send forth a whirring sound.—

And where alternate springs
The lilac's purple spire,
Fast by its snowy sister's side
Or where, with wings of fire,
The kingly oriole, glancing went
Amid the foliage rare,
Shall many a group of children tread—
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms
The mastery here shall keep:
What mother in my nursery fair
Rock her young babes to sleep;—
Yet blessings on the hallowed spot,
Though here no more I stray,
And blessings on the stranger babes
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you too, my plants,
And every parent-bird,
That here, among the nested boughs,
Above its young hath stirred,—
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,
That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your flowery spring
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou too, of changeful mood,
I thank thee, sounding stream,
That blent thine echo with my thought,
Or worked my musing dream,—
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
For sure my thanks are due,
To moss-cup, and to clover leaf,
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,
Old tenants of the spot,
The broad-leaf lily of the vale,
And the meek forgot me not—
To every daisy's dappled brow,
To every violet blue,
Thanks!—thanks!—may each returning year,
Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father God—
High praise in solemn lay—
Alike for what his hand hath given,
And what it takes away—
And to some other loving heart,
May all this beauty be,
The dear retreat, the Eden-home,
It long hath been to me.

GOOD NIGHT.

FROM KORNER.

All ye weary ones be blest,
Day-light ebbs itself to rest,
Busy hands from toil abstain,
Until the morning wakes again;
Good night!

Go rest!
Close ye all your weary eyes,
Stillness is over earth and skies,
Save the watchman's well-known call,
On night's soft voice, which says to all,
'Go rest!'

Go sleep!
Dream ye all of paradise,
Roam with loved ones thro' the skies,
With the true and with the free
Mayest thou in slumber ever be;
Go sleep!

Good night!
Sleep till day brings back its cares,
Sleep and banish all your fears,
Sleep secure till morning breaks,
Know you not your Father wakes?
Good night!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Christian Intelligencer.]

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE SHABBY SCHOOL GIRL.

'Mamma,' said Emma Jones, as she untied her neat 'shaker,' 'we had a new scholar to day, the most forlorn looking thing you ever saw. She had on an old calico gown with the color all faded out, and a washed ribbon on her hat, and heavy shoes, and all her books covered with colored muslin—she'll be well laughed at, if she comes to school in that style, I can tell her!'

'Never, I hope, by you Emma!' said her mother. 'Poor little girl! to find herself ragged and dirty, in the midst of strangers!'

'O no, mother, she wasn't ragged and dirty; but very clean—and I remember her clothes, such as they were, seemed very neatly put on, not "pitched" on, as we girls say.'

'We girls,' said her mother kindly, 'are not very select in our expressions, I'm afraid. You have quite interested me, however, in behalf of this poor child. What do you suppose is the *cause* of her being so shabbily dressed?'

'O I dare say it is because she is *poor*; of course she would not look so forlorn if she could help it.'

'Then you don't think her to blame for being poor?'

'O surely not, mother! how could I? but I think she might go to the district school, where other poor children go.'

'Very likely, my dear, it would be more pleasant for her to go there: that is not your affair, nor mine. The only question is, how is it proper for you to treat her while she is in your school: having too, as she undoubtedly has, an equal right to be there. If she is not to blame for being poor, of course she ought not to be punished for it; and no punishment is more severe to a child, as you well know, than to be mocked or ridiculed.'

'Oh indeed I do know it mamma! When the girls only laugh at my red hair, it vexes me dreadfully; I'm sorry I behaved so badly to-day—I forgot my red head when I did it.'

'Another thing you forgot, my little Emma. Who is it that dispenses wealth to some, and withholds it from others? that orders and arranges every little circumstance of our lives? Always remember, that to reproach or ridicule a person on account of the lot which our Creator has appointed them, is nothing less than to offer a direct affront to God himself. One more reason I can think of, my daughter, why your conduct was wrong; perhaps you can imagine it yourself?'

Emma raised her expressive eyes to her mother's countenance, with a look half subdued, half curious: 'No, mamma, you have thought of more reasons now, than I could in a month! I don't think there can be another one.'

'This little girl, Emma,' said her mother, 'may be trying to obtain an education, in order to support herself by teaching, when she grows up, and there may be some reason why it is desirable for her to attend this particular school; now suppose the unkindness she meets there should make her unhappy, and prevent her receiving any benefit—what would you think then?'

'I should think we were all very wicked indeed! I do hope she did not see me laugh, and I really believe I turned up my nose at her once. But I shall never do it again; I will speak to her to-morrow, and ask her if I shall help her with her lesson, or lend her some of my books; and I'll take her for one of my friends, shall I mother?'

'All but the friendship, my dear,' said Mrs. Jones, amused, yet pained, at the ease with which the school girl passed from one extreme to the other, 'all but the friendship; I would not say much about that to-morrow.'

'Well, at any rate, mother, I wont be rude to her, and if I see she needs any thing, I'll offer it.'

I had been sitting with Mrs Jones, who was an old friend, for some time before Emma came in, and had listened to this conversation without remark. I now rose to go, and invited Emma to accompany me to the house of a poor woman, who takes in plain work, thinking a sight of her poverty might be beneficial to her. After a short drive, we stopped at a small house occupied by two families, and while making our way up the winding stairs, a sorrowful voice, interrupted by bitter sobs, reached our ears; it seemed to proceed from the very room we were going to—'Oh mother, *don't* say any more about it! it breaks my heart to think of it! This morning I felt so happy and so smart, with my clean frock and my new books; and now it is all over, and I don't believe I can ever feel so again. Do let me stay and sew with you, or even beg for you, rather than go to school; I don't want to learn mother; indeed I don't!' A sweet voice answered, (for the poor do have sweet voices, as well as the rich,) 'but my dear Ann, I want you to learn; your trials to-day distress me, quite as much as they do yourself; but now when you have this fine offer of a good education, shall I tell that kind gentleman you are not willing to accept it? Never mind the ill-treatment of your schoolmates: they'll soon be tired of teazing you, and your education may be a support to your poor mother when she is old and sick. To yourself, it will be food and clothes long before that I hope.

There was no answer but a heavy sigh—and a sigh from the breast of a child is very, very sad.

Little readers, my tale is told. This, was the 'new scholar.' Emma recognized her voice,—she had a benevolent heart,—and the tears which dimmed her eyes, seemed a pledge that the 'shabby' one's school sorrows were very near their end. META.

STEAMBOAT BEATEN IN SPEED.—M. Jobard, of Brussels the Nouvelliste), has discovered a method, according to which it is asserted that the Straits of Calais may be crossed in eleven minutes, by means sf a pyrotechnical composition, of which the chlorate of potash is the basis, but in a less proportion than in Congreve rockets. The whole apparatus consists in a boat, with the floating properties of the life-boat, long and narrow, crossed at its greater diameter by one or more iron tubes charged with the pyrotechnical composition. By applying fire to these tubes, the openings to which should pass beyond the stern of the boat, the reaction is stated to be such, that the boat will glide over the water with a swiftness never attained on any railway. The construction being upon the principle of the life-boat, the person embarking in it will run no other risk than that of getting a few momentary duckings, but will always rise again to the surface. The building of the boat will not cost more than about 1000 fr., and each voyage will require 100 francs worth of gunpowder.

THORWALDSEN.

This eminent sculptor, whose statue of Lord Byron has recently engrossed a considerable share of public attention, has just completed at Rome a work which is said to be his *chef-d'œuvre*. It is a statue of Nemesis, which he was commissioned to execute under circumstances of peculiar interest.

A young gentleman of the Protestant religion, named Miliers, was married to the daughter of one of the most distinguished Catholic families of Milan. The union was solemnized at Trieste, in which city marriage between individuals of the two different faiths is permitted. Unhappily the nuptial festivities were soon changed to mourning. The bride died on the wedding-day—within a few hours after the nuptial ring had been placed on her finger. This melancholy event plunged the two families into the deepest grief, but no one was more afflicted than M. Miliers, sen. the father of the bereaved bridegroom. In the hope of averting the serious consequences which his inconsolable sorrow seemed to threaten, his medical attendants recommended him to travel. He accordingly undertook a tour, in the course of which he visited Rome. There he was introduced to Thorwaldsen, whom he commissioned to execute for him a statue of Nemesis, whose power he had in so marked a manner experienced. Thorwaldsen was inspired by the tragical event, and he undertook to execute for M. Miliers a bas-relief, with the assurance that it should be entirely the work of his own hand, and that he would not, as is customary, consign the minor parts to his pupils. This splendid statue is just now completed, and Thorwaldsen's Nemesis is the exclusive subject of conversation in Rome.

This celebrated artist, though by birth a Dane, has resided so long in Rome, that the Italians are inclined to claim him as their own. He is a fine looking old man. His countenance is characterized by intelligence and dignity, and is so expressive that an observer at a distance may, without hearing, understand the purpose of his conversation from his looks. He is tall in stature. His hair is almost white and his dress is as plain and unostentatious as his manners.

He has five *ateliers*, in which numerous artists are constantly employed. In the different apartments he spends several hours every day; the rest of his time is spent in his own private study. His house is situated on the *Monte Cincio*, and during the last thirty years he has occupied only the first story. On Sundays he receives company, and though visited by all the *beau monde* of Rome, he never appears in any other costume than his *robe de chambre*. He himself performs the duty of *cicerone*, in describing all the valuable objects of art, with which his apartments are literally crowded.

In his private character Thorwaldsen is a most amiable man. On young artists he bestows peculiar attention, and he receives them with almost paternal regard.

Thorwaldsen has executed duplicates of all his principal works, and has bequeathed these duplicates to the city of Copenhagen, the place of his nativity. His daughter, who is married to an Italian Colonel, is the heiress to his fortune, which, but for his generous liberality of disposition, would have been immense.

INGENIOUS CALCULATION.—In one of the spinning and power-loom establishments in Bury, there are 1,140 looms at work. An intelligent book-keeper employed at these works has made the following curious calculation, viz:—The shuttle of each loom, in traversing through the shed formed by the warp, passes over a space of 4 feet 6 inches at least; some more, but none less than that. Whilst at work, the shuttle is thrown 100 times per minute, or 27,000 feet per hour. The looms are in operation twelve hours per day, consequently each shuttle traverses 324,000 feet, or 61 miles 640 yards in one day. Amongst so many looms, there will be always some standing, from various causes; allowing, then, 140 out of the 1,140 to be the average number standing, and assuming that 1,000 are kept constantly going for twelve hours each day, these shuttles will travel 61,363 miles and 1,120 yards each day, or through a space almost equal to 2 1-2 times the circumference of the earth, in the short period of twelve hours.

'LOT'S WIFE.'—Mr. Colman, in his Agricultural Address last week, illustrated the folly of modern fashionable female Education, by an anecdote. A young man who had for a long while remained in that useless state, designated by 'a half pair of scissors,' at last seriously determined he would procure him a Wife. He got the 'refusal' of one, who was beautiful and fashionably accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning that she knew nothing either how to darn a stocking or boil a potatoe or roast a bit of beef, he returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not 'up to the sample,' and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was not binding. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than not to be liberated from such an irksome engagement. 'As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen,' said the orrator, 'as some of the modern fashionable Women. Indeed,' continued he, 'it would be much better to have Lot's Wife standing there, for she might answer *one* useful purpose: she might *salt his bacon!*'—*Northampton Courier.*

PRECOCITY.—The returns of the number of children in the several school districts in Connecticut, between the ages of four and sixteen required by law to be made annually, for the purpose of regulating the distribution of the avails of the school fund, show this year a remarkable fact. The Hartford Courant states that the names of a *mother and child*, both between the ages of FOUR and SIXTEEN, are returned as among the children attending a district school in one of the western towns! This fact is probably without precedent in New England.—*Transcript.*

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—A Mr Passey, of London, has in his possession a document exhibited to public inspection, the material of which was rags, made into paper, which was dried, and printed, in the short space of five minutes, in the presence of 78 persons, whose names are attached, and among whom are some of the most scientific men in the kingdom.

THE GLASS SLIPPER REALIZED.—An ingenious manufacturer of Ossett, England, Mr Richard Baker, has invented a process of annealing glass, which enables him to make cloth of it, out of which he has made a *slipper* which will bear the pressure of the foot.

MEDITATED OPPOSITION TO THE STEAMBOAT LAW.—The steamboat owners of Cincinnati, comprehending of course a very numerous and influential body of citizens, from the extent to which capital is invested there in this craft, have held a meeting and resolved to resist the execution of the steamboat law passed by Congress last session, to prevent the shocking destruction of human life, caused by officers of boats and unsound machinery. As that law was but a response to the unanimous wishes of the people of this country, the above mentioned recusants, however deeply interested personally in resisting its provisions, will find themselves in a very awkward predicament should they attempt to carry out their threats.—*Atlas.*

INTERESTING OCCURRENCE.—On Tuesday last a lady, 105 years of age, residing in the city of New York, who has never used spectacles, and still retains in a remarkable degree, all her mental and bodily faculties, took it into her head to visit a female friend in Newark. She got into the stage, and alone without attendant came to this city. A gentleman learning that such a personage was in town, called on her and requested her to accompany him to the house of a friend, which she accordingly did. Here she was introduced to a gentleman 107 years of age; and these two venerable survivors of the last century there held a most interesting conversation of by-gone days. In the evening the lady, whose name we understand is Gouge, returned to the city.—*New Jersey Eagle.*

NOBLE LIBERALITY.—It will be recollected, that we published a few weeks since, the fact that a farmer in Belchertown, cleared nearly $5,000 on the products of three-fourths of an acre of mulberries. We have since accidentally learned another fact in relation to this individual, which we cannot refrain giving to the public. The gentleman alluded too, makes it a practice to give ONE-FIFTH or all his annuel income to charitable objects: and this year, having been highly prospered, his contributions in this way, will not be less than *two thousand dollars!*—*Northampton Courier.*

TO THE LOVER OF MONEY.—Gird lestone, in one of his principal comments, has made suggestions that deserve attention. They are, in substance, this: We may see in what estimate money was held by our Saviour, in the fact that he committed the entire funds of the apostolic college, with himself at the head, to Judas, a thief, and one that should also betray him.

What more striking rebuke of the common spirit of the world? Men at large would sooner commit any other treasure to a dishonest person, than their money. We see this in the encouragement often given to quacks in medicine, in education, or the Christian ministry. For each of these departments, there are not a few that would sooner trust a bad man, than as the treasurer of their temporal goods. Think of it.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Mr. J. Duncan, watchmaker, at Glenluce, has lately constructed a small steam-engine, on the high-pressure principle, the novelty of which consists in the steam acting twice in the cylinder before it escapes into the atmosphere, by which there is a saving of half the fuel and half the water which a common engine of the same power would require. By the application of the air-pump and condenser it can work on the low pressure with the same saving. Some scientific men, who have seen the plan, think it admirably adapted for locomotive engines, or for vessels making long voyages.

The New York Star has received a file of Sandwich Island papers to a late date, which furnish the following important fact:—'No less than 43 American whale ships having oil on board to near a million and a half of dollars; touched at Maui during the fall of 1837. What volumes does this speak for American enterprise, and in how important an attitude does it place this groupe of islands.'

Anthracite Coal.—An experiment was made a few days since, on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, relative to the use of anthracite coal for railway travelling. It is said to have succeeded, and that no difficulty was found either with the tubes or getting up the fire. The fuel burned nearly without dust from the chimney, and entirely without smoke. The price of coke, it seems, has lately advanced considerably on account of its being wanted for railway consumption; it is alleged that if anthracite be found to be generally applicable, that a saving of 30 to 40 per cent. in cost and quantity will be effected.

Paddle Boards.—It appears, from the report of the commission of railways in Ireland, that great mistakes have been made in the size of the paddle-boards. Their area has been successively reduced from about 12 feet to 8 feet, and the speed of the vessel has been as successively increased. But what is still more remarkable, the tremulous motion was reduced at the same time. The maximum effect was something above 6 feet.

New Cordage.—The brothers Landauer, of Stuttgard, have obtained a patent for a new species of cordage; the threads of which are not twisted one over the other, but united in a parallel direction. A cord, 1 3-4 inches in circumference, sustained a weight of 1300lbs.; without breaking, and when at last an additional weight caused it to break the fracture resembled a cut with scissors, which proves that each thread was of equal strength. A cord of 504 threads, 3 3-16 inches in circumference, 111 feet long, woven in this manner, only weighed 19lbs.; whilst an ordinary cord of the same circumference and length, and as many threads, weighed 51 1-2 lbs.

During the last week an interesting spectacle has been witnessed on the lawn opposite the vicarage house, at Sturminster, where a young cuckoo is supported and maintained by the industry and attention of a water-wagtail. This little fellow is most careful and zealous in behalf of his gigantic protege, and seems not a little proud of so promising a youth. If another wagtail approach the cuckoo, he is sure to meet with very heavy blows. The cuckoo can fly quite strong, but is still in leading strings, and seems loth to relinquish the flattering attention of its little guardian. The two birds constantly roost together.

A musical composer, named Fischer, has proposed the substitution of platina wires for those of steel or brass. It is (he says) more elastic and ductile, and the sounds produced by this metal are sweeter; air and damp do not act upon it, and as it combines with iron, cords might be made of a composition of the two which would present advantages of each.

Opium Venders of Constantinople.—Talking of drinking and dramming puts me in mind of the opium eaters, on a number of whom the sultan played a capital trick some time back. He was passing through a quarter of the city where they sold the noxious drug, and the thought struck him that, as the father of his people, he was bound to put a stop to so pernicious a practice; so, without more ado, he pulled down all the shops, over the site of which I have several times had the honor of walking, and sent every single soul he found in them to the madhouse, which happens to be close by; and there they remained with iron collars round their necks and chained to the walls for two or three months, at the end of which time his sublime highness let them out on their solemn promise never to go mad any more. —Capt. Rose's Three Months' Leave.

Dinner upon a Large Scale.—Doctor Shaw, who published his Travels in Africa and Egypt, gives the following account of a family dinner prepared by the Emperor of Morocco:—At the top there was fish, consisting of a young whale boiled, and a few sturgeons and porpoises fried, round it. At the bottom the hind quarter of an elephant. On one side a brace of lions fricaseed; on the other side the neck of a camel made *kahab* (as the doctor calls it), or, in plain English, *cabob'd*. The second course—A brace of ostriches roasted. On one side a griffin a dish of cranes and storks; on the other a potted crocodile. There was no butcher's meat, but a roasted buffalo at the side table. The doctor says he only picked the short ribs of a lion, which to use his own expression, was a delicious morsel. What can we say to brother Jonathan after this?

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